



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

peace and friendship even than in war. Already the Russians know our literature very well. We ought to know hers. For in order to settle the problems of peace we need to have in this country a popular knowledge of Russia. From knowledge comes understanding, and from understanding comes love. Love solves all problems—that, indeed, is a true Russian thought, and most Britons agree.

From The London Times.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES"]

Sir,—As one who has derived more help and inspiration from Russian literature than from any other, may I make a comment on the article, "What to Read in Russian Literature"?

The list of recommended works does not contain such masterpieces as Tolstoy's "Sevastopol," "Twenty-Three Tales," and the volume of short stories which includes "The Snowstorm." And it seems to me rather awful if the same

master-writer's very great novels "Anna Karenina" and "Resurrection," which suffer, if anything, from an excess of moral purpose, are to be deemed "not really much suited to English life." In spite of the vogue of the wonderful Dostoevsky, Tolstoy is still to most Russians, and to many of us who are trying to write, the greatest Russian writer, and to make out a list of desirable Russian literature with one book only by his hand is to present "Hamlet" with only the head of the Prince of Denmark.

The pre-eminent quality, the special characteristic, of Russian writers is spiritual truth, the depth and directness, the utter sincerity, with which they face life in all its shifts. The infection of this is the real benefit and delight that English, above all other, readers may hope to get from Russian literature, besides the satisfaction of our desirable curiosity about the national life of our new ally.

Yours truly,

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

TCHEHOV'S TALES

WHOSESOEVER it may have been, it was a happy notion to follow the first story, "The Darling," in the "Tales of Tchegov," with Tolstoy's remarks upon it. At once we get the two minds in sharp opposition, and are thus enabled to see readily something of what Tchegov was and a good deal of what he was not. "The Darling" is the tale of a dear, stupid, lovable woman. She had no direction, no personality of her own. But she had a gift of devotion, a habit, one might almost call it, of devoting her-

self to one human being at a time and drawing direction, personality, and interest by reflection out of his. She married a theatrical manager, and he and the drama were her life. When he died she married a timber merchant, and instantly timber became of absorbing interest. The timber merchant was succeeded by a veterinary surgeon. And when the veterinary surgeon died her life was a blank.

"And, what was worst of all, she had no opinions of any sort. She saw the ob-

jects about her and understood what she saw, but could not form any opinion about them and did not know what to talk about."

And this vacuity endured until her empty heart and brain absorbed the budding life of a small schoolboy, and she began to live anew in his trivial affairs. To Tolstoy it all seemed an attempt on Tchegov's part to poke fun at the devoted, domestic, self-effacing type of woman. In order to make his point—that woman should keep to her sphere—he reads into Tchegov's tale a contempt of "The Darling" which is completely absent from the tale itself. So mistaken, indeed, does Tolstoy seem that he tempts the reader to go to the opposite extreme and declare that Tchegov's aim was to show how beautiful a creature—indeed, how darling a Darling—such a mindless, purposeless woman could be made by love; that he gives her these rather ridiculous husbands and palms her off in the end on a little boy just to show how superior to circumstance love may be. But to maintain that would be to err as gravely as Tolstoy erred in his dread and dislike of the "new" and self-sufficing woman. Tchegov intended neither to praise nor to blame, but to reveal.

A more pathetic little tale than "An Artist's Story" we do not know. Lida, the elder sister, practical and hard-working, was, we admit, a "beast"; but she did a great deal of good among the children and the poor. Genya, the younger sister, was a poor little thing; but she loved her artist, and Lida forbade her to marry him. They were both wrong and both right. There is no moral to the tale; but there is such lovely music in it

that it leaves the eyes full of tears. Ariadne, again, the humbug, the coldly licentious, the spendthrift, was much more of a "beast" than Lida; but even the man whom she ruined speaks of her with comprehension and patience; indeed, with a touch of devotion. Tchegov did not, he would tell you, make Ariadne. She is a stop in his organ. With what Mr. Edward Garnett calls his "profundity of acceptance" that "blends with quiet humor and tenderness to make his mental atmosphere one of subtle emotional receptivity," Tchegov plays upon Ariadne, upon poor little Anyuta, the medical student's mistress, upon Sofya Lvovna, swinging away between her elderly dissipated husband and her young dissipated lover down a primrose path to misery; upon Yulia Sergeyevna, in the longish story called "Three Years," who, having hated her husband at first, came to love him when his love for her was cold; upon these and a score of other women, and upon the men whose tones combine with theirs to make music. He is all the world away from the doctrines of "What Is Art?" He is, even more than Maupassant, with whom Mr. Garnett tells us that he has been compared, the pure artist for art's sake in fiction; for Maupassant more often betrays something like hatred or contempt than Tchegov betrays either those feelings or their opposites. He understands; perhaps also he pities or condemns; but that is no business of any one's. Without the subtlest of sympathy he could not understand and reveal as he does; and the effect of reading his tales is to be washed free of petty impatience and acerbity of judgment.

From The London Times.